Occasional POEMS

ON THE

Late *DUTCH* War,

AND THE

Sale of *DUNKIRK*.

To which is added,

A

SATYR

AGAINST THE

DUTCH.

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Occaſional POEMS, &c.

To the King.

IMperial Prince, King of the Seas and Iſles,
Dear Objects of our Wiſhes, and our Smiles!
What Boots it that thy Light doth gild our Days,
And we lye basking in thy milder Rays;
While Swarms of Inſects from thy Warmth begun,
Our Land devour, and intercept our Sun?
Thou, like Jove's Minos, *rul'd a greater Creet,*
And for its Hundred Cities count'ſt thy Fleet.
Why wilt thou that State Dedalus *allow,*
Who builds the But, a Lab'rinth, and a Cow?
If thou art Minos, *be a Judge ſevere,*
And in's own Maze confine the Engineer.
Oh may the Sun, ſince he too high preſumes,
Melt the ſoft Wax wherewith he imps his Plumes,
And may he falling leave his hated Name,
Unto thoſe Seas his War hath ſet in Flame.
From the ENCHANTER *having clear'd thy Eyes,*
Thy Native Sight will pierce within the Skies,
And view thoſe Kingdoms calm with Joy and Light,
Where's Univerſal Triumph, but no Fight.
Since both from Heav'n thy Race and Pow'r deſcend,
Rule by its Pattern, there to re-aſcend:
Let Juſtice only Awe, and Battle ceaſe,
Kings are but Cards in War, they're Gods in Peace.

Directions to a Painter, written in the Year 1667, concerning the Dutch *War. By Sir* John Denham.

NOW Painter, if thou dar'ſt deſign that Fight,
which *Waller* only Courage had to write,
If thy bold Hands can without ſhaking draw,
What e'en th' Actors trembled when they ſaw;
Enough to make thy Colours change like theirs,
And all thy Pencils briſtle like their Hairs.

First, in fit Diſtance of their Proſpect Main,
Paint *Allen* tilting at the Coaſt of *Spain*;
Heroick Act! And never heard till now,
Stemming the *Herc'les*-Pillars with his Prow.
And how he left his Ship the Hills to waft,
And with new Sea-marks *Cadiz* and *Dover* graft.
Next, let the flaming *London* come in View,
Like *Nero*'s *Rome*, burnt to rebuild it new;
What leſſer Sacrifice than this was meet,
To offer for the Safety of our Fleet.
Then Painter draw Cerulean *Coventry*,
Keeper, or rather Chancellor, o'th' Sea;
And more exactly to expreſs his Hue,
Uſe nothing but *Ultra-Mariniſh* Blue.
To pay his Fees the Silver Trumpet ſpends,
And Boatſwains Whiſtle for his Place depends.
Pilots in vain repeat the Compaſs o'er,
Until of him they learn that one Point more.
Muſcovy ſells us Pitch, and Hemp, and Tar,
Iron, Copper, *Sweden*, *Munſter*, War;
Aſhley Prize, *Warwick* Cuſtom, *Cart'ret* Pay,
But *Coventry* doth ſell the Fleet away.
Now let our Navy ſtretch its Canvas Wings,
Swoln like his Purſe, with Tackling like his Strings.
By ſlow Degrees of the increaſing Gale,
Firſt under Sail, and after under Sale:
Then in kind Viſit unto *Opdam*'s Gout,
Hedge the *Dutch* in, only to let them out.
So Huntſmen fair unto the Hare give Law,
Firſt find them, and then civilly withdraw.
Next, Painter, re-aſſume thy Pencils Care,
Thou haſt but Skirmiſh'd yet, to Fight prepare,
And draw that Battle terrible to ſhow,
As the laſt Judgment was of *Angelo*.
Firſt, let our Navy ſcow'r thro' Seas of Froth,
The Ocean's Burden, and the Kingdoms both;
Whoſe very Bulk may repreſent its Birth,
From *Hyde* and *Paſton*, Burdens of the Earth:
Let Shoals of Porpoiſes on ev'ry Side,
Wonder in Swimming by our Oaks outvy'd
And the Sea-Fowl all gaze t' behold a Thing
So vaſt, more ſwift and ſtrong than they of Wing:
But yet preſaging *George* kept them in Sight,
And follow'd for the Relicts of a Fight.

Then let the *Dutch* with well diſſembled Fear,
Or bold Deſpair, more than we wiſh draw near.
By this Time both the Fleets in Reach diſpute,
And each the other mortally ſalute.
Draw penſive *Neptune* biting of his Thumbs,
To think himſelf outdone which e'er o'ercomes.
The frighten'd Nimphs retreating to their Rocks,
Beating their Breaſts, and tearing their green Locks:
Paint Eccho, ſlain by the Alternate Sound,
From the repeating Cannon doth rebound;
Opdam Sails, placed on his Naval Throne,
Aſſuming Courage greater than his own,
Makes to the Duke, and threatens from afar,
To Nail him to his Deck like a *Petar*;
But in the vain Attempt took Fire too ſoon,
And flies up in the Air to catch the Moon.
Yet e'er this happen'd, Deſtiny allow'd
Him his Revenge, to make his Death more proud,
A fatal Bullet from his Side did range,
And batter'd *Lawſon*. Ah, too dear Exchange:
Lawſon, whoſe Valour beyond Fate did do,
And ſtill fights *Opdam* in the Lake below.
The Duke himſelf, tho' Pen did not forget,
Yet was not out of Danger's Random Set:
Falmouth was there, I know not what to act,
Some ſay 'twas to grow Duke too by Contract,
An untaught Bullet in its wanton Scope,
Daſhes him all to pieces, and his Hope:
Such was his Riſe, ſuch was his Fall unprais'd,
A Chance-ſhot ſooner took him, than Chance rais'd:
His ſhatter'd Head the fearleſs Duke ſuſtains,
And gave the laſt firſt Proof that he had Brains.
Rupert did others, and himſelf excel,
Here *Ley*, *Holms*, *Tydyman*, *Mims*, and *Sanſon* fell:
What others did let none omitted blame,
I ſhall Record whoe'er brings in his Name:
But unleſs after Stories diſagree,
Nine only came to fight, the reſt to ſee.
Now all conſpire to the *Dutchmen*'s Loſs,
The Wind, the Fire, we, they themſelves do croſs.
When a ſweet Sleep began the Duke to drown,
And with ſoft Diadems his Temples Crown,
And firſt, he orders all the reſt to watch,
And they the Foe, whilſt we a *Nap* doth catch.

And now, dear Painter, after Pains like thoſe,
'Twere Time that thou, and I too, do repoſe.
But all our Navy 'ſcap'd ſo ſound of Limb,
That a ſhort Space ſerv'd to refreſh and trim.
And a tame Fleet of *Dutch* doth Convoy want,
Laden with both the *Indies* and *Levant*.
Paint but this one Scene more, the World's our own,
And *Halcyon Sandwich* doth command alone.
To *Bergen* we with Confidence make Haſte,
And ſecret Spoils by Hope already Taſte.
Tho' *Clifford* in the Character appear,
Of *Supra-Cargo* to our Fleet, and there
Wearing a Signet ready to clap on,
And ſieze all for his Maſter *Arlington*.
Ruyter, whoſe little Squadron ſkimm'd the Seas,
And waſted our remoteſt Colonies,
With Ships all foul, return'd upon our Way,
Sandwich wou'd not diſperſe, nor yet delay;
And therefore like Commander Grave and Wiſe,
To 'ſcape his Sight, and Fight, ſhut both his Eyes.
And for more State and Sweetneſs, *Cutten* true,
The Left Eye cloſeth, the Right *Mountague*,
Ulyſſes ſo, till *Syrens* he had paſt,
Would by his Mates be Pinion'd to the Maſt.
Now can our Navy view the wiſh'd for Port,
But there (to ſee the luck on't) was a Fort.
Sandwich wou'd not be beaten, nor yet beat,
Fools only Fight, the Prudent uſe to Treat.
Or what are Forts, when void of Ammunition?
With Friends or Foes, what wou'd we more Condition?
Yet we Three Days, till the *Dutch* furniſh'd all,
Men, Powder, Money, Cannon, treat with Wall.
Then *Tydiman* finding the *Danes* wou'd not,
Sent in Six Captains bravely to be ſhot.
And *Mountague*, tho' dreſt like any Bride,
And Aboard him too, yet was reach'd, and dy'd.
Sad was the Chance, and yet a deeper Care,
Wrinkled his Membranes, under Forehead Fair.
The *Dutch Armado* yet had th' Impudence
To put to Sea, and waft their Merchants thence;
Whilſt a good Pilot, and a fav'ring Wind,
Brings *Sandwich* back, and once again did blind.
Now, gentle Painter, e'er we leap aſhore,
With the laſt Strokes ruffle the Tempeſt o'er.

As

As if in our Reproach the Wind and Seas,
Wou'd undertake the *Dutch*, while we take Eaſe.
The Seas the Spoils within our Hatches throw,
The Wind both Fleets into our Mouths do blow;
Strew all their Ships along the Shore by ours,
As eaſy to be gather'd up as Flowers;
But *Sandwich* fears for Merchants to miſtake
A Man of War, and among Flow'rs a Snake.
Two *Indian* Ships, pregnant with Eaſtern Pearl,
And Diamonds, ſate the Officers, and Earl:
Then warning of our Fleet, he it divides
Into the Ports, and ſo to *Oxford* rides.
Meanwhile the *Dutch* uniting, to our Shames,
Ride all inſulting o'er the *Downs* and *Thames*:
Thus having fought,——*we know not why as yet*,
And done we know not what, nor what we get.

By the ſame Hand.

Sandwich in *Spain* now, and the Duke in Love,
Let's with new Gen'rals a new Painter prove.
Lilly's a *Dutchman*, Dangers in his Art,
His Pencils may Intelligence impart.
Thou *Gibſon*, that among thy Navy ſmall,
Of Muſcle-ſhells, commandeſt Admiral.
First, paint me *George* and *Rupert* rattling far,
Both in one Box, like the Two Dice of War:
And let the Terror of their ſinked Name
Fly thro' the Air, like Chain-ſhot, tearing Fame:
United Generals ſure are th' only Spell,
By which UNITED PROVINCES to quell.
So have I ſeen, e'er Human Quarrels riſe,
Forbidding Meteors combat in the Skies.
But let the Prince to fight with Rumour go,
The Gen'ral meets a more ſubſtantial Foe:
Ruyter he ſpies, and full of Youthful Heat,
Tho' half their Number, thinks the odds too great.
The Fowler watching ſo his Watry Spot,
And more the Fowl, hopes for the better Shot.
Tho' ſuch a Limb was from his Navy torn,
He found no Weakneſs yet, like *Sampſon* ſhorn;
But ſwoln with Senſe of former Glory wone,
Thought *Monk* muſt be by *Albemarle* outdone.

Little

Little he thinks with the ſame Arm and Sword,
How much the Gentleman outcuts the Lord.
Ruyter, inferior unto none for Art,
Superior now in Number, and in Heart,
Ask'd if he thought as once our Rebel Nation,
To conquer theirs too with a Declaration;
And threatens, tho' he now ſo proudly Sail,
He ſhall tread back his *Iter Boreale*.
This ſaid, he the ſhort Period e'er it ends,
With Iron Words from brazen Mouth extends:
Monk yet prevents him e'er the Navies meet,
And charges in himſelf alone a Fleet;
And with a quick and frequent Motion wound,
His murd'ring Sides about the Ship ſeem'd round;
And the Exchanges of his Circling Fire,
Like whirling Hoops, ſhew'd of triumphant Fire.
Single he doth at their whole Navy aim,
And ſhoots them thro' a Porcupine of Flame.
In Noiſe ſo regular his Cannons met,
You'd think that Thunder was to Muſick ſet:
Ah! Had the reſt but kept a Time as true,
What Age could ſuch a Martial Conſort ſhew?
The liſtning Air unto the diſtant Shore,
Thro' liſtning Pipes convey the tuned Roar:
Ruyter no leſs with virtuous Envy burns,
And Prodigies for Miracles returns:
Yet he obſerv'd how ſtill his Iron Balls,
Recoil'd in vain againſt our Oaken Walls;
How the hard Pellets fell away as dead,
By our enchanted Timber fillipped.
Leave then, ſaid he, th' invulnerable Keel,
We'll find they're feeble, like *Achilles* Heel;
He quickly taught, pours in continual Clouds
Of chain'd Dilemma's through our Sinew'd Shrouds:
Forreſts of Maſts fall with their rude Embrace,
Our ſtiff Sails maſht, and netted into Lace,
Till our whole Navy lay their wanton Mark,
Nor any Ship cou'd Sail but as the Ark.
Yet *Monk* diſabled, ſtill ſuch Courage ſhews,
That none into his Mortal Gripe dare cloſe.
But ſince he found it was in vain to Fight,
He imps his Wings the beſt he can for Flight.
The long Diſaſter better o'er to veil,
Paint only *Jonas* Three Days in the Whale:

For no leſs Time did conquering *Ruyter* chaw,
Our flying Gen'ral in his Spungy Jaw.
Then draw the Youthful *Perſeus* all in Haſte,
From a Sea Beaſt, to free the Virgin Chaſte;
But neither riding *Pegaſus* for Speed,
Nor with the *Gorgon*, Shielding at his Need:
So *Rupert* the Sea-Dragon doth invade,
But to ſave *George*, himſelf, and not the Maid:
And tho' arriving late he only miſt,
Ev'n Sails to fly, unable to reſiſt.
Not *Greenland* Seamen that Survey the Fright
Of the Old *Chaos*, and half Eternal Night,
So gladly the returning Sun adore,
Or run to Spy the next Years Fleet from Shore,
Hoping yet once within the Oily Side
Of the Fat Whale again their Speers to hide,
Than our glad Fleet, with univerſal Shout,
Salute the Prince, and wiſh the Second Bout.
Nor Winds long Priſoners in Earth's hollow Vault,
The Fallow Seas ſo boiſt'rouſly Aſſault,
As fiery *Rupert*, with Revengeful Joy,
Doth on the *Dutch* his hungry Courage cloy.
But ſoon Unrigg'd, lay like an uſeleſs Board,
(As wounded in the Wriſt Men drop their Sword,)
When a propitious Cloud between us ſtept,
And in our Aid did *Ruyter* intercept:
Old *Homer* yet did never introduce,
To ſave his Heroes Miſts of better Uſe.
Now joyful Cries, and the exalted Bell,
And Court *Gazetter* our empty Triumph tell;
Alas! the Time draws near when overturn'd,
The Lying Bells ſhall thro' their Tongues be burn'd:
Paper ſhall want to Print that Lie of State,
And our falſe Fires true Fires ſhall expiate.

By the ſame Hand.

DRaw *England* ruin'd by what was given before,
Then draw the Commons ſlow in giving more:
Too late grown wiſer, they their Treaſure ſee,
Conſum'd by Fraud, or loſt by Treachery,
And vainly now would ſome Account receive,
Of thoſe vaſt Sums which they ſo idly gave;

And truſted to the Management of ſuch
As *Dunkirk* ſold to make War with the *Dutch*;
Dunkirk, deſign'd once to a nobler Uſe,
Than to erect a petty Lawyer's Houſe.
But what Account could they from thoſe expect,
Who to grow Rich themſelves, the State Neglect?
Men, who in *England* have no other Lot,
Than what they by betraying it have got;
Who can pretend to nothing but Diſgrace,
Where neither Birth nor Merit find a Place.
Plague, Fire, and War, have been the Nation's Curſe,
But to have theſe our Rulers is a worſe:
Yet draw theſe Cauſers of the Kingdom's Woe,
Still urging Dangers from our growing Foe,
And asking new Aid for War with the ſame Face,
As if, when giv'n, they meant not to make Peace.
Mean while they cheat the Publick with ſuch Haſt,
They will have nothing that may eaſe it paſt.
Th' Law 'gainſt *Iriſh* Cattle they condemn,
As ſhew'ng Diſtruſt o'th' King, that is, of them.
Yet they muſt now ſwallow this bitter Pill,
Or Money want, which was the greater Ill.
And then the King to *Weſtminſter* is brought,
Imperfectly to ſpeak the Chanc'llor's Thought;
In which, as if no Age could parallel
A Prince and Council that had rul'd ſo well,
He tells the Parliament he cannot brook,
Whate'er in them like Jealouſie doth look:
Adds, that no Grievances the Nation load,
While we're undone at Home, deſpis'd Abroad.
Thus paſt the *Iriſh* with the Money-Bill,
The firſt not half ſo good, as th' other ill.
With theſe new Millions might we not expect
Our Foes to vanquiſh, or our ſelves protect?
If not to beat them off uſurped Seas,
At laſt to force an honourable Peace?
But tho' the angry Fate, or Folly rather,
Of our perverted State allow us neither,
Could we hope leſs than to defend our Shores,
Or guard our Harbours, Forts, our Ships and Stores?
We hope in vain: Of theſe remaining are,
Nor what we ſav'd, but what the *Dutch* did ſpare.
Such was our Rulers Generous Stratagem,
A Policy worthy of none but them.

After

After Two Millions more laid on the Nation,
The Parliament grows ripe for Prorogation:
They riſe, and now a Treaty is confeſt,
Gainſt which before theſe State-cheats did proteſt:
A Treaty which too well makes it appear,
Their's, not the Kingdom's Int'reſt, is their Care:
Stateſmen of Old *thought Arms the Way to* Peace,
Ours ſcorn ſuch thread-bare Policies as theſe:
All that was given for the *State*'s Defence,
They think too little for their own Expence:
Or if from that they any Thing can ſpare,
'Tis to buy Peace, not maintain a War:
For which great Work Embaſſadors muſt go,
With bare Submiſſions to our arming Foe;
Thus leaving a defenceleſs *State* behind,
Vaſt Fleets preparing by the *Belgians* find;
Againſt whoſe Fury what can us defend?
Whilſt our great Politicians here depend
Upon the *Dutch* good Nature: *For when Peace*
(Say they) *is making, Acts of War muſt ceaſe.*
Thus were we by the Name of *Truce* betray'd,
Tho' by the *Dutch* nothing like it was made.
Hence, Painter, let thine Art deſcribe a Story,
Shaming our Warlike Iſland's ancient Glory:
A Scene which never on our Seas appear'd,
Since our firſt Ships were on the Ocean ſteer'd;
Make the *Dutch* Fleet, while we ſupinely ſleep,
Without Oppoſers, Maſters of the Deep:
Make them ſecurely the *Thames*-mouth Invade,
At once depriving us of That and Trade:
Draw Thunder from their floating Caſtles, ſent
Againſt our Forts, weak as our Government:
Draw *Wollidge*, *Deptford*, *London*, and the *Tower*,
Meanly abandon'd to a Foreign Power.
Yet turn their firſt Attempt another Way,
And let their Cannons upon *Sheerneſs* play;
Which ſoon deſtroy'd, their lofty Veſſels ride,
Big with the Hope of the approaching Tide:
Make them more Help from our Remiſneſs find,
Than from the Tide, or from the *Eaſtern* Wind.
Their Canvas ſwelling with a proſp'rous Gale,
Swift as our Fears, make them to *Chatham* Sail:
Thro' our weak Chain their Fireſhips break their Way,
And our great Ships (unmann'd) become their Prey.

Then draw the Fruit of our ill-manag'd Coaſt,
At once our Honour and our Safety loſt:
Bury thoſe Bulwarks of our Iſle in Smoak,
While their thick Flames the neighb'ring Country choak:
The *Charles* eſcapes the raging Element,
To be with Triumph into *Holland* ſent;
Where the glad People to the Shore reſort,
They ſee their Terror now become their Sport.
But Painter, fill not up thy Piece before
Thou paint'ſt Confuſion on our trembling Shore:
Inſtruct then thy bold Pencil to relate
The ſaddeſt Marks of an ill-govern'd State.
Draw th' injur'd Seamen, deaf to all Command,
While ſome with Horror and Amazement ſtand:
Others will know no Enemy but they,
Who have unjuſtly robb'd them of their Pay;
Boldly refuſing to oppoſe a Fire,
To kindle which our Errors did conſpire:
Some (tho' but few) perſuaded to obey,
Uſeleſs for want of Ammunition ſtay:
The Forts deſign'd to guard our Ships of War,
Void both of Powder and of Bullets are:
And what paſt Reigns in Peace did ne'er omit,
The preſent (whilſt invaded) doth forget.
Surpaſſing *Chatham*, make *Whitehall* appear,
If not in Danger, yet at leaſt in Fear.
Make our Dejection (if thou canſt) ſeem more
Than our Pride, Sloth, and Ign'rance did before:
The King of Danger now ſhews far more Fear,
Then he did ever to prevent it, care;
Yet to the City doth himſelf convey,
Bravely to ſhew he was not run away:
Whilſt the *Black Prince*, and our *Fifth Harry*'s Wars,
Are only acted on our Theatres.
Our Stateſmen finding no Expedient,
(In fear of Danger) but a Parliament,
Twice would avoid, by clapping up a Peace;
The Cure's to them as bad as the Diſeaſe:
But Painter, end not till it does appear
Which moſt, the *Dutch*, or Parliament, they fear.
As *Nero* once, with Harp in Hand, ſurvey'd
His flaming *Rome*, and as that burnt, he play'd:
So our Great Prince, when the *Dutch Fleet* arriv'd,
Saw his Ships burnt, and as they burnt he——

By the ſame Hand.

PAinter, where was't thy former Work did ceaſe?
Oh, 'twas at *Parliament*, and the Brave *Peace*.
Now for a *Cornucopia*: Peace, all know,
Brings *Plenty* with it; wiſh it be not *Woe*.
Draw Coats of *Pageantry* and Proclamations
Of *Peace*, concluded with One, Two, Three Nations.
Canſt thou not on the *Change* make Merchants grin,
Look outward Smiles, whiles vexing Thoughts within?
Thou art no Artiſt if thou canſt not Feign,
And counterfeit the Counterfeit Diſdain.
Draw a Brave Standard ruffling at a Rate,
Much other than it did for *Chatham*'s Fate.
The *Tow'r* Guns too thundring their Joy, that they
Have ſcap'd the Danger of being ta'en away:
Theſe, as now Mann'd, for Triumph are, not Fight;
As painted Fire for Show, not Heat or Light.
Amongſt the roar of theſe, and the mad Shout,
Of a poor nothing Underſtanding Rout,
That think the *On and Off-Peace* now is true,
Thou might'ſt draw Mourners for *Black Barthol'mew*:
Mourners in *Sion!* Oh 'tis not to be
Diſcover'd! Draw a Curtain courteouſly
To hide them. Now proceed to draw at Night
A Bonefire here and there; but none too bright,
Nor laſting; for 'twas Bruſh wood, as they ſay,
Which they that hop'd for Coals, now flung away.
But ſtay, I had forgot our Mother; draw
The Church of England 'mong the *Opera*,
To play their Part too; or the *Dutch* will ſay,
In *War* and *Peace* they've born the Bells away.
At this end then Two or Three Steeples ringing,
At th' other end draw *Quires Te Deum* ſinging;
Between them leave a ſpace for Tears: Remember
That 'tis not long to th' Second of *September*.
Now if thou skill'ſt proſpective Landskip, draw
At Diſtance what perhaps thine Eyes ne'er ſaw;
Polyroon, *Spicy Iſlands*, *Kits*, or *Guinea*:
Surinam, *Nova Scotia*, or *Virginia*:
No, no, I mean not theſe, pray hold your Laughter,
Theſe Things are far off, not worth looking after:

Give

Give not a hint of these: Draw Highland, Lowland,
Mountains and Flats; draw *Scotland* first, then *Holland*.
See, canst thou ken the *Scots* Frowns? Then draw those
That something had to get, but nought to lose.
Canst thou through Fogs discern the *Dutchmen* drink?
Buss Skippers, lately Capers, stamps to think
Their catching Craft is over; some have ta'en,
To eke their War, a Warrant from the *Dane*.
But passing these, their Statesmen view a while,
In ev'ry graver Countenance a Smile:
Copy the Piece there done, wherein you'll see
One laughing out, *I told you how't would be!*
Draw next a pompous interchange of Seals;
But curs'd be he that Articles reveals
Before he knows them: Now for this take Light
From him that did describe Sir *Edward*'s Fight:
You may perhaps the Truth on't doubt; what tho'?
You'll have it then *Cum Privilegio*.
Then draw our Lords-Commissioner's advance,
Not homewards, but for *Flanders*, or for *France*,
To parly there a while, until they see
How Things in Parliament resented be.
So much for Peace. Now for a Parliament;
A petty Session draw, with what Content
Guess by their Countenance, who came up Post,
And quickly saw they had their Labour lost:
Like the small Merchants, when they Bargains sell,
Come hither *Jack*: What say? Come kiss, Farewel.
But 'twas abortive, born before its Day,
No Wonder then it dy'd so soon away;
Yet breath'd it once, and that with such a Force,
It blasted Thirty Thousand Foot and Horse.
As once *Promethus* Man did sneeze so hard,
As routed all that new rais'd standing Guard
Of Teeth, to keep the Tongue in Order: So
Down fall our new Gallants without a Foe.
But if this little one could do so much,
What will the next? Give a Prophetick Touch,
If thou know how; if not, leave a great Space
For great Things to be pourtray'd in their Place.
Now draw the Shadow of a Parliament,
As if to scare the upper World 'twere sent:
Cross your selves, Gentlemen, for Shades will fright,
Especially if't be an *English* Sprite:

Vermilion

Vermilion this Man's Guilt, cerule his Fears,
Sink th' others Eyes deep in his Head with Cares:
Another thoughtſome on Accounts to ſee
How his Diſburſements with Receipts agree,
Peep into Coaches, ſee Perriwigs neglected,
Croſs'd Arms and Legs of ſuch as are ſuſpected,
Or do ſuſpect what's coming, and foreſee
Themſelves muſt ſhare in this Polutrophy.
Painter, haſt travell'd? Didſt thou e'er ſee *Rome?*
That fam'd Piece there, *Angelo*'s Day of Doom?
Horror and Anguiſh of Deſcenders there,
May teach thee how to Paint Deſcenders here.
Canſt thou deſcribe the empty Shifts are made,
Like that which Dealers call, *Forcing of Trade?*
So we ſhift their Crimes, ſome Places, and among
The reſt, ſome will their Countries too e'er long.
Draw in a Corner, Gameſter, ſhuffling, cutting,
Their little Crafts no Wit together putting;
How to pack Knaves 'mong Kings and Queens, to make
A ſaving Game, whilſt Heads are at the Stake.
But croſs their Cards, until it be confeſt,
Of all the Play fair Dealing is the beſt.
Draw a Veil of Diſpleaſure, one to *Hide*,
And ſome prepar'd to ſtrike a Blow on's Side,
Let him that Built high now creep low to Shelter,
When Potentates muſt tumble *Helter Skelter*.
The Purſe, Seal, Mace, are gone, as it was fit,
Such Marks as theſe could not chuſe but be hit.
The Purſe, Seal, Mace are gone; *Bartholomew* Day,
Of all the Days i'th' Year, they're ta'en away.
The Purſe, Seal, Mace are gone, but to another
Mitre, I wiſh'd not ſo, tho' to my Brother:
I care not for Tranſlation to a See,
Unleſs they would tranſlate to *Italy*.
Now draw a Sail playing before the Wind,
From the *North-Weſt*; that which it leaves behind,
Curſes or Outcries, mind them not, till when
They do appear Realities, and then
Spare not to paint them in their Colours, tho'
Crimes of a Viceroy; Deputies have ſo
Been ſerv'd e'er now: But if the Man prove true,
Let him with *Pharaoh*'s Butler have his due.
Make the ſame Wind blow ſtrong againſt the Shore
Of *France*, to hinder ſome from coming o'er.

And rather draw the Golden Veſſel burning,
E'en there, than hither, with her Freight returning.
'Tis true, the Noble Treaſurer is gone,
Wiſe, Faithful, Loyal, ſome ſay th' only One!
Yet I will hope we've Pilots left behind,
Can ſteer our Veſſel without Southern Wind.
Women have groſly ſnar'd the wiſeſt Prince
That ever was before, or hath been ſince:
And Grannum *Athaliah* in that Nation,
Was a great hinderer of Reformation.
Paint in a new Piece Painted *Jezebel*,
Give't to adorn the Dining-Room of Hell.
Hang by her others of the Gang; for more
Deſerve a Place with *Roſamond*, *Jane Shore*, &c.
Stay Painter, now look, here's below a Space,
I'th' bottom of this what ſhall we there place?
Shall it be *Pope*, or *Turk*, or *Prince*, or *Nun*?
Let the Reſolve be *Neſcio*. So have done.
Expoſe thy Piece now to the World to ſee,
Perhaps they'll ſay of It, of Thee, of Me.

The laſt Inſtructions to a Painter about the Dutch *Wars*, 1667. *By* A. Marvel, *Eſq*;

PAint laſt the King, and a dead Shade of Night,
Only diſperſt by a weak Taper's Light:
And thoſe bright Gleams that dart along and glare
From his clear Eyes (yet theſe too dart with Care,)
There, as in the calm Horror all alone,
He wakes and muſes of th' uneaſie Throne:
Raiſe up a ſudden Shape with Virgin's Face,
Tho' ill agree her Poſture, Hour or Place,
Naked as born, and her round Arms behind,
With her own Treſſes interwove and twin'd,
Her Mouth lock'd up, a blind before her Eyes,
Yet from beneath her Veil her Bluſhes riſe,
And ſilent Tears her ſecret Anguiſh ſpeak,
Her Heart throbs, and with very Shame would break.
The Object ſtrange in him no Terror mov'd,
He wondred firſt, then pitied, then he lov'd,
And with kind Hand does the Coy Viſion preſs,
Whoſe Beauty greater ſeem'd by her Diſtreſs:

But ſoon ſhrunk back, chill'd with a Touch ſo cold,
And th' airy Picture vaniſht from his Hold.
In his deep Thoughts the Wonder did increaſe,
And he divin'd 'twas *England*, or the Peace.
Expreſs him ſtartling next, with liſt'ning Ear,
As one that ſome unuſual Noiſe doth hear;
With Cannons, Trumpets, Drums, his Door ſurround,
But let ſome other Painter draw the Sound:
Thrice he did riſe, thrice the vain Tumult fled,
But again thunders when he lyes in Bed.
His Mind ſecure does the vain ſtroke repeat,
And finds the Drums *Lewis*'s March did beat.
Shake then the Room, and all his Curtains tear,
And with Blue Streaks infect the Taper clear,
While the pale Ghoſt his Eyes doth fix admire
Of Grandſire *Harry*, and of *Charles* his Sire.
Harry ſits down, and in his open Side
The Griſly Wound reveals, of which he dy'd:
And Ghoſtly *Charles* turning his Collar low,
The Purple Thread about his Neck doth ſhow:
Then whiſp'ring to his Son in Words unheard,
Through the lock'd Door both of them diſappear'd:
The wondrous Night the penſive King revolves,
And riſing ſtreight on *Hyde*'s Diſgrace reſolves.
At his firſt Step he *Caſtlemain* does find,
Annet and *Coventry* as 'twere deſign'd;
And they not knowing, the ſame Thing propoſe,
Which his hid Mind did in his Depths incloſe:
Thro' their feign'd Speech their ſecret Hearts he knew,
To her own Husband *Caſtlemain* untrue;
Falſe to his Maſter, *Briſtol*, *Arlington*,
And *Coventry* falſer than any one,
Who to his Brother, Brother would betray,
Nor therefore truſts himſelf to ſuch as they.
His Father's Ghoſt too whiſper'd him one Note,
That who does cut his Purſe, will cut his Throat:
But in wiſe Anger he their Crimes forbear,
As Thieves repriev'd from Executioner;
While *Hyde* provok'd, his foaming Tusk does whet,
To prove them Traytors, and himſelf the *Peſt*.
Painter adieu: How well our Arts agree?
Poetick Picture, Painted Poetry.

By the ſame Hand.

SPread a large Canvas, *Painter*, to contain
The great *Aſſembly*, and the num'rous Train;
Where all about him ſhall in Triumph ſit
Abhorring Wiſdom, and deſpiſing *Wit*;
Hating all *Juſtice*, and reſolv'd to Fight,
To rob their Native Country of their Right.
Firſt draw his *Highneſs* proſtrate to the *South*,
Adoring *Rome*, this Libel in his *Mouth*,
Moſt holy Father! Being join'd in League
With Father *Patrick*, *D*———*by*, and with Teague,
Thrown at your Sacred Feet *I humbly bow*,
I, and the wiſe *Aſſociates* of my Vow;
A Vow, nor *Fire*, nor *Sword*, ſhall ever end,
Till all this *Nation* to your *Footſtool* bend.
Thus arm'd with Zeal and Bleſſing from *your Hands*,
I'll raiſe my *Papiſts*, and my *Iriſh* Bands,
And by a Noble well-contrived Plot,
Manag'd by wiſe *Fitz-Gerald*, and by *Scot*,
Prove to the World I'll make Old *England* know,
That *common Senſe* is my *Eternal Foe*;
I ne'er can *fight* in a more *glorious Cauſe*,
Than to deſtroy their *Liberty* and *Laws*;
Their Houſe of *Commons*, and their Houſe of *Lords*,
Their *Parchment Preſidents*, and dull *Records*,
Shall *theſe* e'er dare to contradict *my* Will,
And think *a Prince o'th' Blood can e'er do Ill?*
It is our *Birthright* to have Power to kill.
Shall they e'er dare to think they ſhall decide
The Way to *Heaven?* And who ſhall be my *Guide?*
Shall they pretend to ſay, that *Bread* is *Bread*,
If we affirm it is a God indeed?
Or there's no *Purgatory* for the Dead?
That *Extreme Unction* is but common Oil,
And not infallible the *Roman Soil*.
I'll have thoſe *Villains* in our *Notions* reſt;
And I do ſay it, therefore it's the beſt.
Next, *Painter*, draw his *Mordaunt* by his *Side*,
Covering his *Religion*, and his *Bride:*
He who long ſince abjur'd the Royal Line,
Does now in *Popery* with his Maſter join.

Then

Then draw the *Princeſs* with her Golden Locks,
Haſtning to be envenom'd with the *P*———*x*,
And in her Youthful Veins receive a Wound,
Which ſent *N. H.* before her under Ground:
The Wound of which the tainted *C*———*ret* fades,
Laid up in Store for a new *Set* of *Maids*.
Poor *Princeſs!* Born under a ſullen Star,
To find ſuch Welcome when you came ſo far.
Better ſome jealous Neighbour of your own
Had call'd you to a ſound, tho' petty, *Throne*,
Where 'twixt a wholſome Husband and a Page,
You might have linger'd out a lazy Age,
That on dull Hopes of being here a Queen,
E're Twenty die, and rot before Fifteen.
Now, *Painter*, ſhew us in the blackeſt Die
The Counſellors of all this Villany.
Clifford, who firſt appear'd in humble Guiſe,
Was always thought too gentle, meek, and wiſe:
But when he came to act upon the Stage,
He prov'd the mad *Cathegus* of our Age.
He, and his Duke, had both too great a Mind,
To be by *Juſtice* or by *Law* confin'd:
Their drolling Heads can bear no other Sounds,
Than Fleets and Armies, Battles, Blood and Wounds;
And to deſtroy our Liberty, they hope
By *Iriſh* Fools, and an old doating *Pope*.
Next *Talbot* muſt by his great Maſter ſtand,
Laden with *Folly*, *Fleſh*, and *ill-got Land*:
He's of a Size indeed to fill a *Porch*,
But ne'er can make a *Pillar of the Church*;
His Sword is all his Arg'ment, not his Book,
Altho' no Scholar, he can act the Cook;
And will cut Throats again, if he be paid;
In th' *Iriſh* Shambles he firſt learn'd the Trade.
Then *Painter* ſhew thy Skill, and in fit Place
Let's ſee the *Nuncio Arundel's* ſweet Face;
Let the Beholders by thy Art eſpy
His *Senſe* and *Soul* as ſquinting as his Eye.
Let *Bellaſis* autumnal Face be ſeen,
Rich with the Spoils of a poor *Algerine*;
Who truſting in him, was by him betray'd,
And ſo ſhall we when his Advice's obey'd.
The *Heroe* once got Honour by his Sword,
He got his Wealth by breaking of his Word;

And now his Daughter he hath got with Child,
And Pimps to have his Family defil'd.
Next *Painter* draw the Rabble of the Plot,
German, *Fitz-Gerald*, *Loftus*, *Porter*, *Scot*:
Theſe are fit Heads indeed to turn a State,
And change the Order of a Nation's Fate;
Ten Thouſand ſuch as theſe ſhall ne'er controul
The ſmalleſt *Atom* of an *Engliſh* Soul.
Old *England* on its ſtrong Foundation ſtands,
Defying all their *Heads*, and all their *Hands*.
Its ſteady *Baſis* never could be ſhook,
When *Wiſer Men* her *Ruin* undertook;
And can her *Guardian-Angel* let her ſtoop
At laſt to *Mad-men*, *Fools*, and to the *Pope*?
No, *Painter*, no; cloſe up this Piece, and ſee
This Crowd of *Traytors* hang'd in *Effigie*.

Noſtradamus's *Propheſy*. *By the ſame Hand.*

FOR Faults and Follies *London*'s Doom ſhall fix,
And ſhe muſt ſink in Flames in *Sixty-Six*;
Fire-Balls ſhall fly, but few ſhall ſee the Train,
As far as from *Whitehall* to *Pudding-Lane*;
To burn the City, which again ſhall riſe
Beyond all Hopes, aſpiring to the Skies,
Where Vengeance dwells. But there is one Thing more,
(tho' its Walls ſtand) ſhall bring the City low'r:
When Legiſlators ſhall the Truſt betray,
Saving their own, ſhall give the reſt away;
And thoſe falſe Men by th' eaſy People ſent,
Give Taxes to the *King* by *Parliament*;
When barefac'd *Villains* ſhall not bluſh to cheat,
And *Chequer* Doors ſhall ſhut up *Lombard-ſtreet*:
When Players come to act the Part of *Queens*,
Within the Curtains, and behind the Scenes:
When *Sodomy* ſhall be Prime Min'ſters Sport,
And *Whoring* ſhall be the leaſt Crime at Court:
When Boys ſhall take their *Siſters* for their Mate,
And practiſe *Inceſt* between Seven and Eight:
When no Man knows in whom to put his Truſt,
And e'en to rob the *Chequer* ſhall be Juſt:
When Declarations, Lies, and every Oath,
Shall be in Uſe at *Court*, but *Faith* and *Troth*.

When

When Two good Kings ſhall be at *Brentford* Town,
And when in *London* there ſhall be not One:
When the Seat's given to a talking Fool,
Whom wiſe Men laugh at, and whom Women rule;
A Min'ſter able only in his Tongue,
To make harſh empty *Speeches* Two Hours long:
When an Old *Scotch* Covenanteer ſhall be
The Champion for th' *Engliſh* Hierarchy:
When Biſhops ſhall lay all Religion by,
And ſtrive by Law t'eſtabliſh Tyranny:
When a lean Treaſurer ſhall in one Year
Make himſelf fat, his King and People bare:
When th' *Engliſh* Prince ſhall *Engliſh* Men deſpiſe,
And think *French* only Loyal, *Iriſh* Wiſe:
When *Wooden Shoon* ſhall be the *Engliſh* Wear,
And *Magna Charta* ſhall no more appear:
Then th' *Engliſh* ſhall a greater *Tyrant* know,
Than either *Greek* or *Latin* Story ſhow:
Their Wives to's Luſts expos'd, their Wealth to's Spoil,
With Groans to fill his Treaſury they toil:
But like the *Bellides*, muſt ſigh in vain,
For that ſtill fill'd, flows out as faſt again:
Then they with envious Eyes ſhall *Belgium* ſee,
And wiſh in vain *Venetian* Liberty.
The Frogs too late grown weary of their Pain,
Shall pray to *Jove* to take him back again.

To the King.

SO his bold Tube Man to the Sun apply'd,
And Spots unknown in the bright Star decry'd,
Shew'd they obſcure him, while too near they pleaſe,
And ſeem his Courtiers are but his Diſeaſe.
Through Optick Trunk the Planet ſeem'd to hear,
And hurls them off e'er ſince in his Career.
And you (Great Sir) *that with him Empire ſhare,*
Seen of our World, as be the Charles *is there;*
Blame not the Muſe that brought thoſe Spots to Sight,
Which in your Splendor hid, corrode your Light:
Kings in the Countrey oft have gone aſtray,
Nor of a Peaſant ſcorn'd to learn the Way,).

Would

Would she the unattended Throne reduce,
Banishing Love, Trust, Ornament and Use;
Better it were to live in Cloyster's Lock,
Or in fair Fields to rule the easie Flock;
She blames them only who the Court restrain,
And where all England *serves themselves would reign.*
Bold and accurst are they that all this while
Have strove to Isle this Monarch from this Isle;
And to improve themselves by false Pretence,
About the Common Prince have rais'd a Fence:
The Kingdom from the Crown distinct would see,
And peel the Bark to burn at last the Tree.
But Ceres *Corn, and* Flora *is the Spring,*
Bacchus *is Wine, the Country is the King.*
Not so does Rust insinuating wear,
Nor Powder so the vaulted Bastion tear,
Nor Earthquakes so an hollow Isle o'erwhelm,
As scratching Courtiers undermine a Realm,
And through the Palaces Foundations bore,
Burrowing themselves to hoard their guilty Store.
The smallest Vermin make the greatest Waste,
And a poor Warren once a City rac't.
But they whom Born to Vertue and to Wealth,
Nor Guilt *to* Flatt'ry *binds, nor* Want *to* Stealth;
Whose gen'rous Conscience, and whose Courage high,
Does with clear Councils their large Souls supply;
That serve the King with their Estates and Care,
And as in Love on Parliaments can stare;
Where few the Number, Choice is there less hard;
Give us this Court, and rule without a Guard.

By A. M

A Satyr against the Dutch.

WHY all this wretched splutter with the *Dutch*
We'll stop their Mouths soon if they prate too
Do they not owe their *High and Mighty State* (much
To us, who rais'd 'em to it? *Most ingrate!*
Queen Bess was very Good and Gracious to 'em,
And snatch'd 'em from the utter brink of Ruin;
When *Alva* at one Mouthful ready was
To swallow 'em with with wide insatiate Jaws,

he lent 'em Men and Money t' War with *Spain*,
Which, to ſpeak Truth, ſhe made 'em pay again:)
or knowing ſhe'd to do with *Hogan* Clowns,
he wiſely held their *Cautionary Towns*;
he gave 'em Leave to Fiſh in *Britiſh Seas*,
Vhilſt the dull *Natives* liv'd at Home in Eaſe:
he *Engliſh* they in *Induſtry* o'ermatch,
nd took what we too lazy were to catch:
hey throve upon our *Herring*, *Ling*, and *Cod*,
nd *ſcoft* as tho' their *Guts had been their God*.
ike ſtragling *Bees*, from *Pole* to *Pole* they roam,
eturning with the Spoils of Honey Laden Home,
y which their *Hive* did ev'ry Day increaſe,
nd, drew Advantages from *War* or *Peace*.
By theſe tranſcendent Crimes they wax'd high,
n Mighty Swarms they *Neigh'ring States* defy;
Nor wou'd b' bullied out of their Liberty.
trange ſtubborn People theſe, that dare withſtand
he Potent Threats of *Britain*'s angry Hand.
uppoſe 'tis ſaid their Ruin lyes at Stake,
are they of *Intereſt* or *Barriers* ſpeak?
uſt they by ev'ry Treaty be the Gainers?
o, firſt we'll drub 'em into better Manners.
For if their BUTTER-BOXES ſtill run o'er,
f *Engliſh* Valour they ſhall Taſte once more:
o long we maul'd 'em under *James* of *York*,
hat ſome cry'd out it was an endleſs Work;
nd that we might as well have ſpar'd our Pains,
s teaching Wit to knock out *Dutchmens* Brains;
o obſtinately dull was *Opdam*, *Ruyter*,
ho' beat like Stock-fiſh they were ne'er the better.
t length in Peace the ſleeveleſs Quarrel ends,
fter ſome fair Intreaties to be Friends:
ut firſt in Triumph for the Fruits on't, r——t'em,
hey made a *Bonefire* of our Ships at *Chatham*.
Theſe are *They*, who maugre Old Kindneſſes,
are now oppoſe (Oh D--gs,) our *Glorious Peace*.
or with'r new Way of Treating will agree,
ut brand it with th' opprobrious Name of *Treachery*.
'is hard, you'll ſay, we can't do what we pleaſe,
Vithout ſuch meddling SOOTEKKINS as theſe.
In Pious *James*'s Days we don't forget
he GRATITUDE they ſhew'd in *Eighty Eight*:

When

When ev'ry Thing went ſwimmingly to bring
In Popery———, a Gracious Bigot K———g,
Whoſe Zeal, good Man, meerly for our Salvation,
Deſign'd to make us a Converted Nation.
The *Biſhops Tower'd*, *Charters* ta'en away,
An *Iriſh* Army too brought into Play,
To cut our Throats, if you'll believe as much,
But this ſuppos'd, what was it to the *Dutch?*
Did we in their Affairs e'er interpoſe?
They might have ſunk or ſwum where firſt they roſe.
When at the worſt all knowing Men agree,
We cou'd but have been Slaves to Popery,
Loſt our Religion, and our Liberty.
Things inconſiderable among Friends,
The King's *great Goodneſs* wou'd have made amends.
We might have ſeen an *Engliſh Monarch* more
Fam'd than the *French* for Arbitrary Pow'r.
That truly Bleſſed *Court* of *High Commiſſion*,
Might have grown up into an INQUISITION;
Where *Murder* had been *Law*, and Perſecution Reaſon.
But when we all theſe Bleſſings ſhou'd have ſeen,
They like a *Noli Proſequi* came in,
And ſpoil'd the Farce juſt going to begin.
The State b'ing Sick, they brought us *ORANGE PILLS*,
And made us take *Dutch Phyſick* 'gainſt our Wills
When in all other Humane Diſeaſes,
A Man may be as wretched as he pleaſes.
May take the *Drugs* Phyſicians do adviſe,
Or let't alone———
According as their Life or Health they prize.
But we, ſpight of our very Teeths, muſt be
(Like wretched Fools) redeem'd from Slavery:
Made a free Nation from an Abject State,
And diſqu'd from Popery. Oh R———s ingrate!
Is this to be forgiven, *Britains* ſpeak?
Ne'er truſt *Republican* for *Dutchman*'s Sake.
Yet *Theſe* wou'd *Guarantees* be after all
Of our *Succeſſion*; Ay, when they're hang'd they ſhall.
That when we had a Mind which Heav'n prevent,
To bring in *PERKIN*, and *French* Government,
Their *Intereſt* and *Power* wou'd be ſuch,
We muſt, forſooth, be forc'd to ask the *Dutch*.
No, rather lets be Wretched in their Spight,
And *FROGLAND* ſink, tho' *Britain* ſuffer by't.

FINIS.